

"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM

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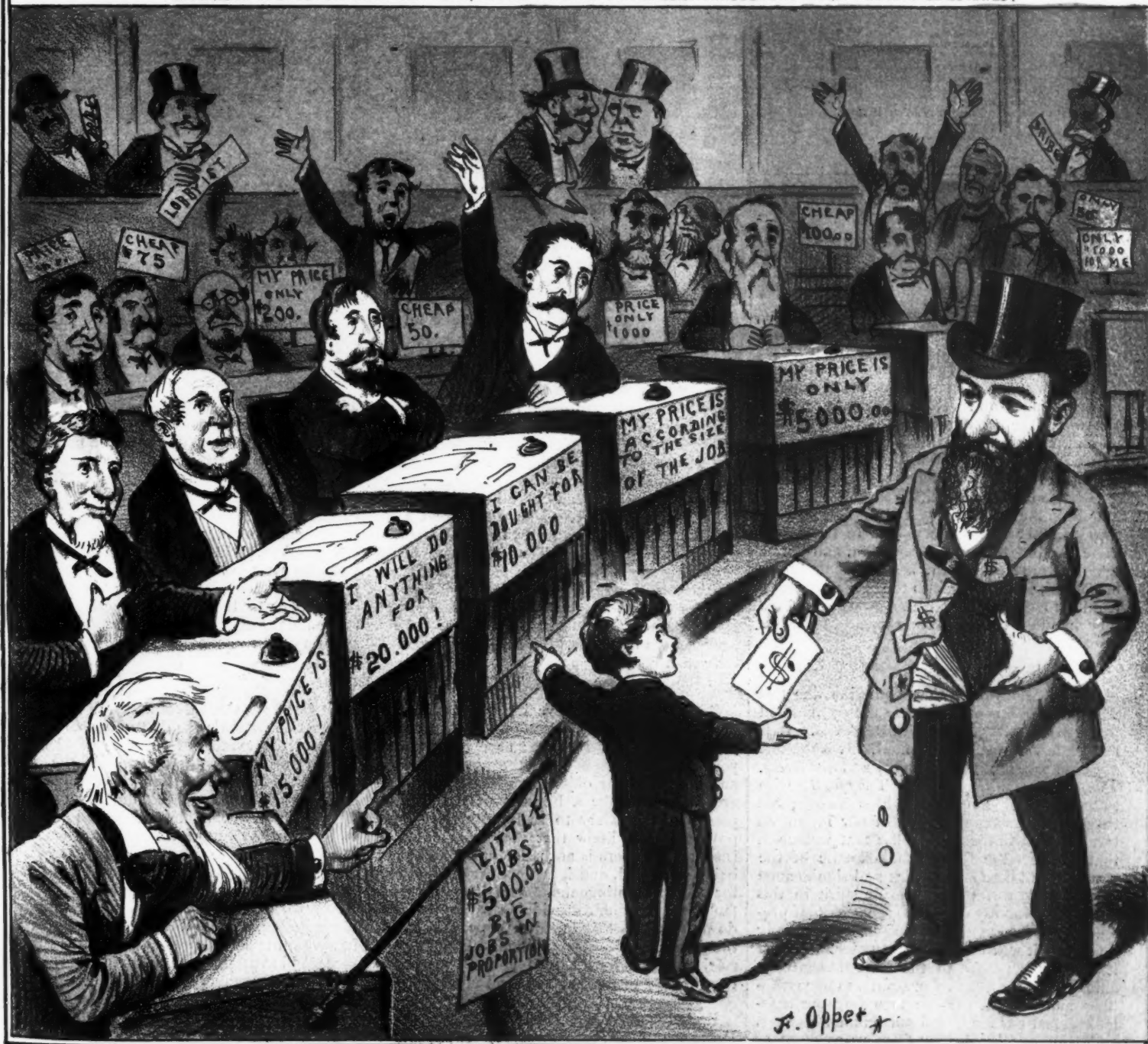
Suck

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"IT COSTS MONEY TO FIX THINGS."—*C. P. Huntington.*

As it is Plain that Most of Our Congressmen Are for Sale, They Might as Well Display Their Prices Prominently.

PUCK.

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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - - J. S. KEPPLER
BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR - - - H. C. RUNNER

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

Republicans in general have a cheerful confidence in the stupidity of the Democratic party. It is but just to that party to say that it has fairly earned a right to this confidence by years of persistent, steady, toilsome blundering. Hence the apathy of the Republicans on the question of tariff reform. They live in hope that the Democrats will pick up the new political issue, develop it, show its whole strength and value, and then drop it—just where the party now in power may pick it up and make it useful. This would be strictly in accordance with Democratic tradition; and it looks as though tradition would repeat itself. The Democrats have made a move toward adopting the issue, and yet they hesitate. If they do, after a while, conclude to take it up, there will be, still later, a re-action, and just as the free trade movement has become a power in politics, it will be left to the Republicans to handle to their own advantage—precisely as they handled the protection craze at the last election.

It is a curious thing that a question like this should be so gingerly and hesitatingly handled by both of our great political parties. It is really the vital issue of the hour. It is the one question to be settled, promptly and decisively. The people want free trade. They do not wish to unsettle business by any sudden change; but they do want such a revision of our iniquitous tariff as shall, in the end, abolish that protection that protects the few at the expense of the many. And here is the point and significance of the growth of the free trade spirit in this country. Nobody objects to protection, if protection is of value to our people. Everybody objects to it when it is clearly understood that it is of value only to the most useless class among us—the class of grasping, money-grabbing monopolists. These men buy our legislators, steal our lands and our public highways, and take our birth-right from us as often as they may. This free trade movement is but one phase of the popular revolt against them.

FREE CHOICE.



THE SUNDAY ALTERNATIVE OF THE AMERICAN CITIZEN.

Oh, yes! you want to be a member of Congress—of course you do. You want to serve your country. You want to see virtue rewarded and vice punished. You look forward to the day when richly-freighted argosies bearing the American flag will overcrowd the ocean, drive to the wall the ensigns of all other nations, and glorify your country. You want good laws enacted, and you are anxious to see those laws properly administered. That is the reason you are taking so much trouble to get into Congress. The country has to be governed; you feel called upon to aid in the good work. The fact is that you are one of Nature's noblemen, and are a heaven-born legislator. This is what you would have men believe.

But they won't believe it; and why should they, when you are none of the things you claim to be? As a rule, you are ready to sell your vote and opinions to the highest bidder, and that was your object in getting into Congress, just to make a business of it, and supplement your salary to as large an extent as possible. You know that your term of office is short, and there is not much chance of your being re-elected, and it is necessary to provide for such a contingency. And it is not your fault that you don't provide, or rather that you do not take what somebody else provides. And the provision is usually bountiful, and, as a rule, after you have served your term, you return home and become the local millionaire.

Probably you will attempt to justify your acts. You have to earn your living, and you can't afford to work for your constituents without getting well paid for it. Then why work for them

at all? They could do without your services. There are plenty of other honest and legitimate occupations which you might ornament. We are not going to find fault with the natural desire of every human being to secure all the money that comes within his reach. But is it not being carried a little too far? Is not the candle being burned at both ends? Have not the peculiar weaknesses of our legislators in grabbing everything they could lay their hands on had a great influence on the character of the people? It would not require a very astute philosopher to trace the connection even between the destruction of our forests and the corruption of our legislators.

At first sight there does not seem to be much connection between the destruction of the forests and the avarice of members of Congress. But one, after all, is the outcome of the other. If men like Mr. Huntington, who observed: "it costs money to fix things" did not exist, the forests of the Adirondacks might still be intact, and the rivers that owe their life to them might not be reduced to puny streams. Mr. Huntington had his railroad axes to grind. How he ground them is very neatly shown in the interesting correspondence that has recently been made public. It is the Huntingtons in the lumber trade and their creatures in the Legislature who have denuded the forests, regardless of the rights of others and the health and happiness of unborn generations. We join heartily in the cry of the *Sun*. Let the forests be saved, and the mischief that has already been caused by the wanton destruction be repaired, if it be not too late!

THE TOWN TERRIER.



William H. Vanderbilt and Jay Gould were shoveling snow on Fifth Avenue, and hailed me as I passed by.

"How are things with you?" they asked.

"Pretty well," I answered: "considering how bad the times are."

"Don't talk about times," said they: "we really don't know what is going to become of us poor millionaires. We can't make any money at all. Why—would you believe it?—we hear that our wages are to be cut down to a hundred thousand dollars a week, and this in the face of a hard winter." "Then," added Mr. Vanderbilt: "I don't think that the public shows us any more

sympathy and consideration than if we were so many 'longshoremen. It makes a man disgusted with the profession. I guess I'll sell my pictures and railroads and start a peanut-stand; but, in the meantime, as you see, I'm obliged to shovel snow for a living. You don't happen to have a quarter about you, do you?"

I lent him the quarter.

I put on the gloves, the other day, to have a friendly bout with the editor of the London *Punch*. While we were resting, after I had given him two or three blows in the bread-basket, the conversation turned on Tennyson.

"Is it true," I asked: "that the immediate ancestor of the poet kept a drug-store?"

"Perfectly true," the editor replied: "and the English people feel a little bit ashamed of it. But what were they to do? They have made several grocers and barbers lords, and there is no reason why an apothecary should not have a show."

"It is eminently proper," I said, giving my opponent, at the same time, a hard one on the nose with my left.

"Tell me why!" he cried, as he stanced his wound.

"Because Baron Tennyson is now a pillar of the Constitution."

"I confess," said the *Punch* editor, dejectedly: "that I fail to comprehend."

"It is plain enough," I explained: "a pillar of the Constitution. A pill is a medicine in the form of a little ball. A man who makes a pill is a piller, therefore Tennyson's ancestor was a piller, and his descendant may be looked upon in the same light."

"Oh, I see!" exclaimed the *Punch* man, joyfully, and then, laughing immoderately, said: "How much will you take for that joke?"

"You may have it for a ten-p'un' note," I replied.

"Done; it shall go in *Punch* for the next three weeks."

And then he gave me the flimsies.

My scientific attainments being well known, it is not surprising that thousands of persons have applied to me for an explanation of the cause of the blazing sunsets that have illumined the skies for several months. Among those who have asked are many whose reputation as scientists is much greater than mine; so I naturally feel proud, and cheerfully comply with the request. The cause of the fiery heavens is simple. Water being a parabolic fluid, is easily com-

pressed into solid manganous nitrate, when its co-efficient is received back in the reflected image of the spectrum. What follows? The palæozoic electrical hypothesis naturally seeks a vacuum, which, combining with alcoholic spinal meningitis, causes geometrical profusion in the empyrean of the democratic ecliptic. Then, *primâ facie* and *a priori*, the Hoboken theory must be applied, parenthetically and diabolically, not forgetting to take into consideration the micrometric admeasurements of the semi incandescence of the resulting equation, and its duration with respect to calves'-head *en tortue*.

This is, of course, self-evident. But there are other experts in meteorology and astronomy who decline to accept my dictum. They say the doubts that have been thrown on the existence of hell have so disconcerted the authorities that they felt as unhappy as a defeated Alderman. Consequently they resolved to break up the institution and retire into private life. The red skies are nothing more than the scattered fires of the place that has glowed so brightly for many years. When they become dissipated in space, hell will be a thing of the past. The theory that the blaze is caused by an epidemic of cigarette-smoking among the dudes who have climbed the golden stair is worthy of more attention than it has received.

I have just received a letter from Colombier. She tells me that she and Sarah Bernhardt are to divide profits on the book "Sarah Barnum." The pretended fuss is all an advertising scheme of P. T. Barnum, who gave Colombier a million for the job. The Greatest Show on Earth is about making a tour of France and the rest of Europe, and all the crowned heads have consented to appear in person at the grand *entrée*. Queen Victoria holds out, because the great showman wants to pay in India shawls. She says she has too many of them already.

MOST PEOPLE have noticed the unusually brilliant sunsets we have been treated to recently; and no doubt every one has read the many theories advanced to account for them. The scientists don't seem to agree on the subject, each one giving a different solution of the problem. Some think these sunsets were the reflections of Italian volcanos; but we do not. We think it more likely that they were the reflection of the noses of the political heelers flying around to get presents just before the holidays, or else a reflection of Puck's cartoons exposed to view on the news-stands throughout the country.

Puckerings.

A STRING INSTRUMENT—The Gallows.

THE CLERGYMAN'S little boy will be on his good behavior until his father disposes of the many pairs of slippers received as presents during the holidays.

HERE WE are almost into the middle of January, and have not yet heard from the oldest inhabitant his stereotyped memory of having walked across the East River and hunted rabbits on the ice.

THIS IS about the time of year that a man becomes generous, and gives away all his summer-clothing, a freak of generosity which he may greatly regret next August when he is meandering around in an overcoat and top-boots.

IF THE MAN who sent us an item stating that a certain Presbyterian fair was quite a *recherché* affair will send us his name and address, the Assyrian Pup will be happy to furnish him with a letter of introduction to the editor of the London *Punch*.

It is estimated that out of all the poets who have recently sloshed New Year's poetry over the periodical press of this country,

6,723 have heard the bells across the snow;
2,437 have said that the Old Year went;
3,103 have hailed the glad New Year;
1,407 have wondered what the New Year will bring;
2,043 have requested the bells to ring out something.

15,713
And just about 15,713 of them got inebriated while making calls, and asked their washerwomen to give them credit for a month.

RAILROAD COMMISSIONER O'DONNELL says: "This favored land is not to become the tramping-ground of millionaires, lords, dukes and nobles."

Isn't, Don, eh, isn't? How about the plumb-ers, to begin with?

And maybe we haven't the choice of three counts and a prince around at our barber-shop?

And perhaps we are not waited on every day by a baron at the lunch-counter?

And maybe there are not six English viscounts fooling around every heiress that we are "spoons" on in this blessed city?

Why, O'Donnell, man, the plain, untitled, salaried citizen is pretty badly crowded, in this land of liberty, equality and stern republican simplicity.

AN UNMISTAKABLE MISTAKE.



"Bedad, but that ould vessel 's gone off wid a passenger what 's left behind!"

THE HON. EPHRAIM MUGGINS.

HIS GREAT SPEECH BEFORE THE MEETING OF THE NEW MONOPOLY PARTY. GREAT TRIUMPH OF—OF—READ AND SEE! READ AND SEE!

Our new party had a glorious meeting last night. We are gaining fresh accessions every minute—or, say, every other minute, at least.

"Monopoly" is our watch-word and battle-cry. We have determined to put the Hon. Ephraim Muggins in nomination for the next Presidency, and if money and cheek can win, we shall win.

In response to innumerable cries from all over the house for "Ephraim Muggins! Ephraim Muggins!" I arose gracefully—or as gracefully as I could, consistent with the porous-plaster on my back, and poured forth the following torrent of burning eloquence:

"Fellow-monopolists! [Cheers.] We stand here to-day as the champions of freedom and unbiased affection for all the heart holds dear, especially apple-jack and hard cider. [Unlimited applause.]

"The question of the hour is, shall we have a tariff, or shall we not? [Great cheering.] I say NOT! [Immense yells.] I have given this subject deep and painful attention, and I am satisfied that we have no need of a tariff. I'd rather have a clam-sandwich and a glass of buttermilk, any time, than the finest tariff ever invented. [Wild applause.] How will a tariff affect our moral character? Will it not increase the sale of intoxicating liquors? [Cheers.]

"They say there are fifty thousand manufacturers, capitalists, bloated bond-holders, and forty million employees under them, all supported in blissful idleness by the blighting curse of a protective tariff. Let 'em die! [Indescribable yells, hoots and screams of applause.] Let 'em perish! [Hi! hi! Hi! hi!]

"They say a protective tariff fosters and encourages the industries of the country. What in tunket do we want of industries? [Harmonious shouts and jeers.] It is undignified to labor. [VOICE: It is! It is!]

"They say that there should be a protective tariff to protect home manufacturers. Well, I'm willing to have a protective tariff on eggs, for I am the largest manufacturer of eggs in this country; but I would have it on nothing else. Let every other industry in the country be paralyzed, and then we will be happy! [Cheers.]

"Why, look at Africa, for instance. They have no tariff there; and the Hottentots—see how cheerful and contented they are; because

they have no tariff to poison the blood of their best citizens or to contaminate the outgrowth of their intellectual, moral and spiritual development. [Spontaneous outburst of applause.]

"Why should we be behind the genial African and the gifted Hottentot in the race of civilization and the pursuit of spirituous comforts? Why should we blacken our infamous characters by keeping a chain of Custom-Houses and a thieving crew of Custom-House officers, all the way from Maine to Texas, Florida, Oregon, Alaska and New Jersey? [High old cheering.]

"Why should there be a tariff on bologna-sausage, sauerkraut, schmierkase and weiss-beer? Let these honest beverages be free to all, rich and poor alike! [Terrific yells of applause.]

"Elect me President, and I will clean out the whole infamous, pestiferous Custom-House gang inside of thirty days, and open our harbors to the commerce of the entire world! [More screams.]

"Every product under the known sun will be as cheap as human hands can make them, anywhere in the world, and every ignominious capitalist will be driven to bankruptcy inside of six months from the time I take my seat in the White House! [Great roaring.]

"Let us wipe out the entire United States Government. [Jeers.] Let us go back to the solid *principia rerum*, and hurl back the infinitesimal phantasmagoria of a befogged imagination that taints the atmosphere of our national jurisprudence with its pestilential influences, and set the iron heel of desperation for ever upon the relentless foes of the laboring man who earns his pabulum by the incontrovertible perspiration of his precipitous os frontis."

[Here the applause was something appalling. Tables were upset, chairs flung out of the window, and the whole yelling, shouting crowd seized me and bore me in triumph on their shoulders to the nearest pot-house, where we all partook of egg-nog, made from our newly manufactured eggs, freshly received from our American Egg Manufacturing Co.'s Mills.]

Great is the power of the incomprehensible!

Yours inextricably,

EPHRAIM MUGGINS.

OUR NATURALIZED INNOCENTS ABROAD.



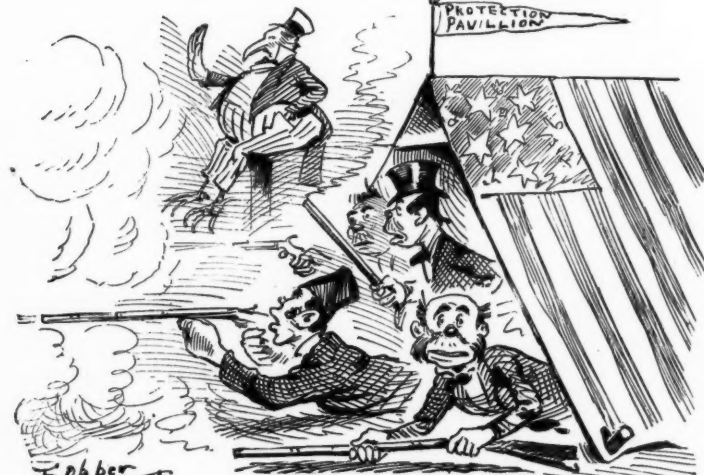
"Hands off! Here's me naturalization papers, a dozen years old!"



"Don't shtop me progress—don't ye see who I am?"



"Hats off, an' no shmokin'!—an' me a liberty-lovin' citizen of ther United Shtates!"



"American" amusements in foreign lands.

A GREAT ECONOMY.

A middle-aged man, who looked as though he might have seen better times, stepped into a dime-restaurant the other day and walked up to the counter, behind which the proprietor was standing, with arms folded, waiting for the diners to step up and pay for their meals.

"There will be a seat vacant over there directly," said the proprietor, pointing to a table in the corner.

"I don't wish anything to eat," replied the stranger, as he ran his arm around his old silk hat a few times to give it as high a polish as it would take: "I don't wish to dine, sir; I came in to have a professional talk." He then threw his ringlets back on his head carelessly, and after satisfying himself that his hat looked all right, set it jauntily on his head, and continued, in a convincing business-like tone: "I simply wish to have a little professional talk, if you can spare me a few minutes of your time."

The proprietor cocked the tooth-pick he held in his teeth until the end almost stuck in his eye, and nodded affirmatively.

"To start on, you sell a great many dime-steaks?"

"Yes, sir."

"Some have bones; some have not?"

The proprietor smiled in the affirmative.

"Now I am coming to the point," said the visitor, laying one elbow on the counter and making a gesture with his right hand: "Now, to start with, the profit on an ordinary dime-steak cannot be very great."

He paused and smiled like a philosopher expounding a scientific theory. The proprietor smiled a business smile, drew his fingers along his moustache to keep it waxed out, and replied softly:

"Not very!"

"I imagined as much, sir; I imagined as much. Now, I wish to ask you another question: Do you realize a handsomer profit on a boneless than on a steak with a stratum of bone traversing it?"

"No, sir."

"Then we will assume that you dispose of one hundred dime-steaks a day."

"Never less than that."

"And you make, we'll assume for argument, four cents on every steak."

"Yes."

"That is four dollars a day."

"Yes."

"We will also assume that half the steaks are boneless."

"But," replied the proprietor: "I have to purchase the bones as well as the meat."

"I know that very well," replied the visitor: "but we'll now assume that a boneless steak constitutes a larger piece of meat than a steak with a bone in it."

"Yes."

"And if every steak you sell had a bone in it, your profits would be greater—providing you did not have to pay for the bone?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, my dear sir, I wish to show you a little article that will double your profits."

The proprietor seemed electrified and dazed for a moment, because his interlocutor had a sincere, earnest manner about him that stamped his arguments with truth. He finally took a small white object from a package he carried in his inside pocket, and holding it up between his thumb and index finger, said:

"Here is a composition bone that defies detection, warranted to fit any steak in the world. Before putting the steak on the fire you make a hole in it, and stretch it around the bone and press them together, and you would never know that it didn't belong there naturally. This will enable you to put a great deal less meat in a dime-steak, and thus you may greatly increase

DOUBTFUL ENGAGEMENT.



YOUNG LADY (looking through the crack).—"Mercy, what shall I do? How unfortunate! Four of them!"

MOTHER.—"Why, what is the matter, Clara? You can surely entertain four gentlemen."

CLARA.—"Why—why—yes—but, you see, I engaged myself to them all, separately!"

your profits. All you want to do is to purchase meat that has no bone in it, and put in the bone yourself according to the directions just given you."

"How do you sell them?"

"Two dollars a dozen, five off for cash."

"How long will a bone last?"

"Oh, almost any length of time. The longer they are used the more steak-soaked and natural they become."

"I will take two dozen," said the proprietor, joyously.

"Another thing," said the agent, as he took down the order: "you are not obliged to buy the meat that the bone represents. These are porterhouse bones, and when you surround one with a piece of bull's neck, the diner simply taps the bone with his knife, and thinks porterhouse is what he is getting. I have some long bones here that run through a large steak—the kind usually ordered for two. These long bones have a cavity at the thicker end that is filled with an artificial marrow, which we sell at a nominal price to all who subscribe regularly for our bones. This makes the deception more complete."

The proprietor was as happy as a duck in an April shower. He could scarcely speak. As soon as he could command his emotions he said:

"Give me some of the long bones—say half-a-dozen. I don't have much of a demand for large steaks; but I'll take half-a-dozen bones and some of the marrow. I want to help you along, and see you prosper."

"Thanks," replied the visitor, with a smile of satisfaction: "thanks; this is a world in which we should do all in our power to help each other along. To-morrow I shall be around and show you some soup-bones and stew-bones."

"Soup-bones?" inquired the dime restaurateur.

"Yes, they are intended to give the soup every appearance of being made of meat. You see, half-a-plate of clear soup is a whole plateful when a few bones and vegetables are thrown in, because then the soup will come to the top. This saves you half-a-plateful of soup on every plateful sold, or, in other words, doubles your

profit. In a stew the bones help fill up the plate and add dignity to it."

"I will take a regular assortment," replied the proprietor, almost beside himself with rapturous excitement.

"I will be around to-morrow," said the agent: "to teach you the bones."

"What's that?"

"Why, to teach you to use them properly, for everything depends on that. I sold some bones to a struggling restaurateur in Cleveland, and in six months he had a big bank account. In the flush of his great success he became reckless, and one day a man called for a steak, and in his blind joy the proprietor put in a bone that was totally foreign to the cow, and the man happened to be a naturalist, and detected the fraud, and it cost the restaurateur a pretty penny to hush him up."

Just then a man came up to pay for his dinner, and the agent, moving off, said:

"I will see you to-morrow. Good-day!"

"Good-day!" replied the proprietor, who immediately fell into a day-dream, and built the sunniest of sunny castles in the air.

TENNYSON WROTE:

"I wear an undressed goat-skin on my back."
The old man must have landed on him pretty high up.

It is sweet to sit, on a gray day,
And see the snow-flakes fall
Like blossoms upon a May-day
Along the verdant mall,
And see the well-packed icy sphere
Take the pedestrian on the ear.

OUR E. C. *The Continent* prints an article called "A Democratic Sign," in which it discusses pensions and pension-agents. We don't know how, which, where or when the pension-agent is relevant to a Democratic sign, for a Democratic sign is usually:

DORGAN MAGUIRE,
Wines, Ales, Liquors and Cigars.

BRONCO SAM.



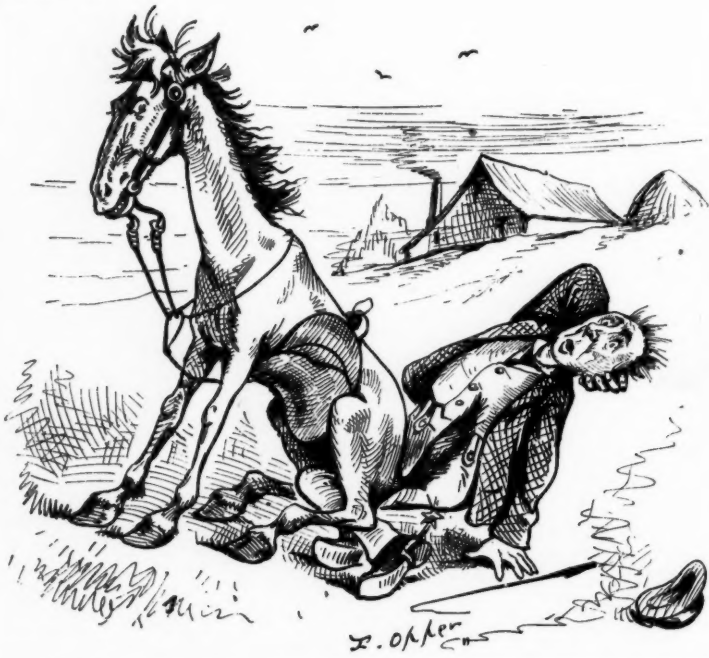
PEAKING ABOUT COWBOYS, SAM STEWART, known from Montana to Old Mexico as Bronco Sam, was the chief. He was not a white man, an Indian, a greaser or a negro, but he had the nose of an Indian warrior, the curly hair of an African, and the courtesy and equestrian grace of a Spaniard. A wide reputation as a "bronco breaker" gave him his name. To master an untamed bronco and teach him to lead, to drive and to be safely ridden was Sam's mission during the warm weather when he was not riding the range. His special delight was to break the war-like

heart of the vicious wild pony of the plains and make him the servant of man.

I've seen him mount a hostile "bucker," and, clinching his italic legs around the body of his adversary, ride him till the blood would burst from Sam's nostrils and spatter horse and rider like rain. Most every one knows what the bucking of the barbarous Western horse means. The wild horse probably learned it from the antelope, for the latter does it the same way, *i. e.*, he jumps straight up into the air, at the same instant curving his back and coming down stiff-legged, with all four of his feet in a bunch. The concussion is considerable.

I tried it once myself. I partially rode a roan bronco, one spring day, which will always be green in my memory. The day, I mean, not the bronco.

It occupied my entire attention to safely ride the cunning little beast, and when he began to ride me, I put in a minority report against it.



I have passed through an earthquake and an Indian outbreak, but I would rather ride an earthquake without saddle or bridle than to bestride a successful bronco eruption. I remember that I wore a large pair of Mexican spurs, but I forgot about them until the saddle turned. Then I remembered them. Sitting down on them in an impulsive way brought them to my mind. Then the bronco steed sat down on me, and that gave the spurs an opportunity to make a more lasting impression on my mind.

To those who observed the charger with the double "cinch" across his back and the saddle in front of him like a big leather corset, sitting at the same time on my person, there must have been a tinge of amusement; but to me it was not so frolicsome.

There may be joy in a wild gallop across the boundless plains, in the crisp morning, on the back of a fleet bronco; but when you return



with your ribs sticking through your vest, and find that your nimble steed has returned to town two hours ahead of you, there is a tinge of sadness about it all.

Bronco Sam, however, made a specialty of doing all the riding himself. He wouldn't enter into any compromise and allow the horse to ride him.

In a reckless moment he offered to bet ten dollars that he could mount and ride a wild Texan steer. The money was put up. That settled it. Sam never took water. This was true in a double sense. Well, he climbed the cross-bar of the corral-gate, and asked the other boys to turn out their best steer, Marquis of Queensberry rules.

As the steer passed out, Sam slid down and wrapped those parenthetical legs of his around that high-headed, broad-horned brute, and he rode him till the fleet-footed animal fell down on the buffalo grass, ran his hot red tongue out across the blue horizon, shook his tail convulsively, swelled up sadly and died.

It took Sam four days to walk back.

A ten-dollar bill looks as large to me as the Star Spangled Banner, sometimes; but that is an avenue of wealth that had not occurred to me. I'd rather ride a buzz-saw at two dollars a day and found.

BILL NYE

A RECEIPT.

SUITABLE FOR THE SNOWY SEASON.

Take a cutter the size of a rocking-chair—
You will find it will readily hold a pair—
Take a horse that can lift his hinder heels
Inside of three minutes behind the wheels—
Take a moonlight night, when the air 's so chill
It would make a cucumber's pulses thrill—
Take a buffalo-robe—or maybe two—
For the chill is likely to strike right through—
Take a seal-skin cap with a mansard roof,
Lined with satin, and weather-proof—
Take a muffler around your neck to go,
With a chest-protector concealed below—
Take your overcoat out of your uncle's care;
It 's full of camphor, and needs the air.
Take a pair of hot bricks for a pair of neat,
Tiny, tender-toed feminine feet—

Take a good cigar that won't go out
When a breeze from the north comes fooling about—
Take a hundred dollars—or rather more—
To pay the bill when the ride is o'er.

Take the road—you know which road is best—
The road where the bridges are frequentest—
Take the sweetest girl in the whole broad land—
And learn to drive with a single hand—

Take a nip of Bourbon to make you bold—
Season with kisses and serve up cold.

A. H. OAKES.

THE BOY gets very sad,
And very pale his face,
After he 's made on the walk
A good long sliding place,
To see his little brother,
Whom naught abashes,
Sprinkle ashes
From one end to the other.

TEN MAIDENS FAIR.

THE DILEMMA OF A DEVOTED DUDE.

Ten maids there were,
Each one as fair
As the other nine.
Ten stars so bright
In lovely light
Each other did outshine.

A tender swain,
With puzzled brain,
Lifts up his wailing voice,
And in despair
He tears his hair,
That he can't make a choice.

"Wail not!" they cried:
"Nor woe betide;
But rather do rejoice
That other ten
Much better men
Than you have made a choice."

WILL J. LAMPTON.

SLIM FARE AT OUR BOARDING-HOUSE.



LANDLADY:—"He may have eaten something that didn't agree with him!"
 BOARDER:—"Goodness gracious me! Where could he have got it?"

MY DOG STORY.

The distance across-lots from the hard-working, grinding *now* to the rosy, thornless, happy *then* is shorter than a cashier's answer to a slow customer who asks for a renewal. Over the shadowy bridge of memory reared by the hand of imagination we go skipping from the disagreeable realities of hay-fever, Christmas gifts, chilblains and other kindred ills, to the period when we strutted up the church-aisle in our first roundabout, reveled in the gratification of an omnivorous juvenile appetite, and, stroking our downy cheek, fondly dreamed of the coming days, when the tonsorial linguist should pour bay-rum into one ear and his lecture into the other.

A whiff of smoke, a turn of the eyes, and, in this case, the twist of a dog's tail builds the bridge, and over it we go into the hazy, misty past, leaving behind dress-suits, deeds, briefs, dry-goods, sermons, "copy," and all the other sweet endearments that bind us to earth. Once over the bridge, the mind takes the bit in its teeth, and runs at will over the old orchard, up in the barn, through the grove, down by the creek, to the old school-house, where our early education was built up on seven parts of birch and one of love. We see the old pony, the shop, the mill, the well-sweep, and the religious dormitory where we slept, in company with older sinners, on the first day of the week. Last of all we see the dog, whose companionship brightened childhood's hours, and made brighter the rainy weather and the potato-hoeing Saturday.

We had a bridge of this sort built a few days ago by a little dog that trotted ahead of us down the street. There was something about him that stirred a hidden chord. Presto! At one bound we cleared the gap of twenty years, and in fancy were again with the dog of our childhood.

He was so like this one—so short, so chunky, so well-fed, so independent, so sawed-off, as it were. Then his tail had the same round twist, like the aquatic region of a cornet. The dog of memory was a tramp, and came to the paternal roof after much wandering, looking as woebegone and lonesome as a ham-sandwich at a Jew picnic.

Love for the canine at last overcame the objections born of maternal neatness, and the tramp dog came to be one of us, and if not a thing of beauty, was at least a joy forever. For many years he performed on bones, the intermediate process between the table and soap-

grease, and, growing old and gray in the business, secured a warm corner in the family heart. Boyhood, not satisfied with inflicting torture on the school-teacher and minister, must needs seek to make canine life a burden.

Did you ever take the delectable compound known as warm maple-sugar and put it on snow until it became wax? It then becomes as disgustingly sweet and as stickily sticky as a love-letter from a sixteen-year-old boy or girl in the callow depths of pristine mashedness.

Spring came, and with it the sugar; and the dog, being the sharer of our joys and sorrows, must needs take a portion. He took it on blind faith, and, like the participants in ex-Governor Cornell's blind pools, he was "left." All went well until the wax struck the roof of his mouth, and there it stayed, as immovable as a city relative in June. Then he tore around the house, tipped over kettles and jars in the cellar, howled, barked, and, on the whole, made himself about as agreeable as a plumber's collector; and for a space the matin and the gloaming in that house echoed with the wails of the bark-impaired dog. Finally the wails grew more and more faint, until, like the margin of a country stock-operator, they were no more. Then a ripple of conscience permeated the juvenile frame, and we made diligent search for the dog.

We found him in the back yard lying on the upper side of his back, with his hind-feet in his mouth, pawing at the cause of his trouble. As we reached the place, he succeeded in effecting a change of base on the wax, and removed it from his mouth to his heel. But the effort was too much for him, and with a faint bark, where triumph was mingled with the death-rattle, the little canine soul climbed the golden stair to that land where tin kettles and sugar cease from troubling and the canines are at rest.

Then, as usual, came the post-mortem love and sympathy, and the loving and contrite juveniles raked in a raisin-box, and in that placed the little body that waxed cold in death. (Pun disclaimed.) Silently the children followed the raisin-box to its hole in the ground, and in a moment of fine poetic frenzy the poet of the party set up a shingle over the grave bearing a beautiful and pointed epitaph:

Our poor little Dandy
 Died of too much candy.

GIL FORDE.

THE REASON, Adela, that so few women are hung is that in early life they learn to jump the rope.

HOW TO AMUSE THE CHILDREN.

The games that pleased the children of a generation back will not do for the youngsters of the present day. They are tired of the magic-lanterns, the parlor-skates, tops, marbles, parcheesi, and a thousand other things. These are not realistic enough, and do not afford the necessary training and interest for the youthful mind.

It is high time that the recreations of childhood kept pace with the progress of civilization, and this can only be done by adopting, in a somewhat less pronounced form, the amusements of many grown-up men.

The toy-pistol, for instance, is full of possibilities. Let the boy discharge the pretty little weapon. After his right hand has gone, he may shoot with his left, until it is time for the undertaker, with the newest styles in coffins and caskets, (boys' sizes,) to step in.

Another delightful pastime is the hanging-match for young people. The parlor will make a very good prison-yard, and the chandelier a capital miniature gallows. The most clerical-looking boy can personate a priest, and the character of hangman may be assumed by the strongest and hardest of his companions. Rope, of course, is cheap. Perhaps there may be a little difficulty in procuring the criminal and inducing him to submit to the pinioning; but among a crowd of boys there is generally one to be found who is mild enough to consent to be hanged for fun. Should the rope encircle the neck too tightly, and the pretended culprit be on the point of choking, it is just as well to send for a doctor, provided he does not live too far away.

Then there is a still more delightful game, that of "knocking out." For this we should recommend the engagement of Mr. John L. Sullivan, although probably his blows might be somewhat hard for boys of tender years. But this could be equalized in both time and numbers. Mr. Sullivan might undertake to "knock out," Marquis of Queensberry rules, fifteen boys in one round, and in five seconds' time. Lint, sponges and restoratives should be at hand, and, if the family can afford it, messenger-boys should be waiting to run for doctors. In most cases they will be wanted.

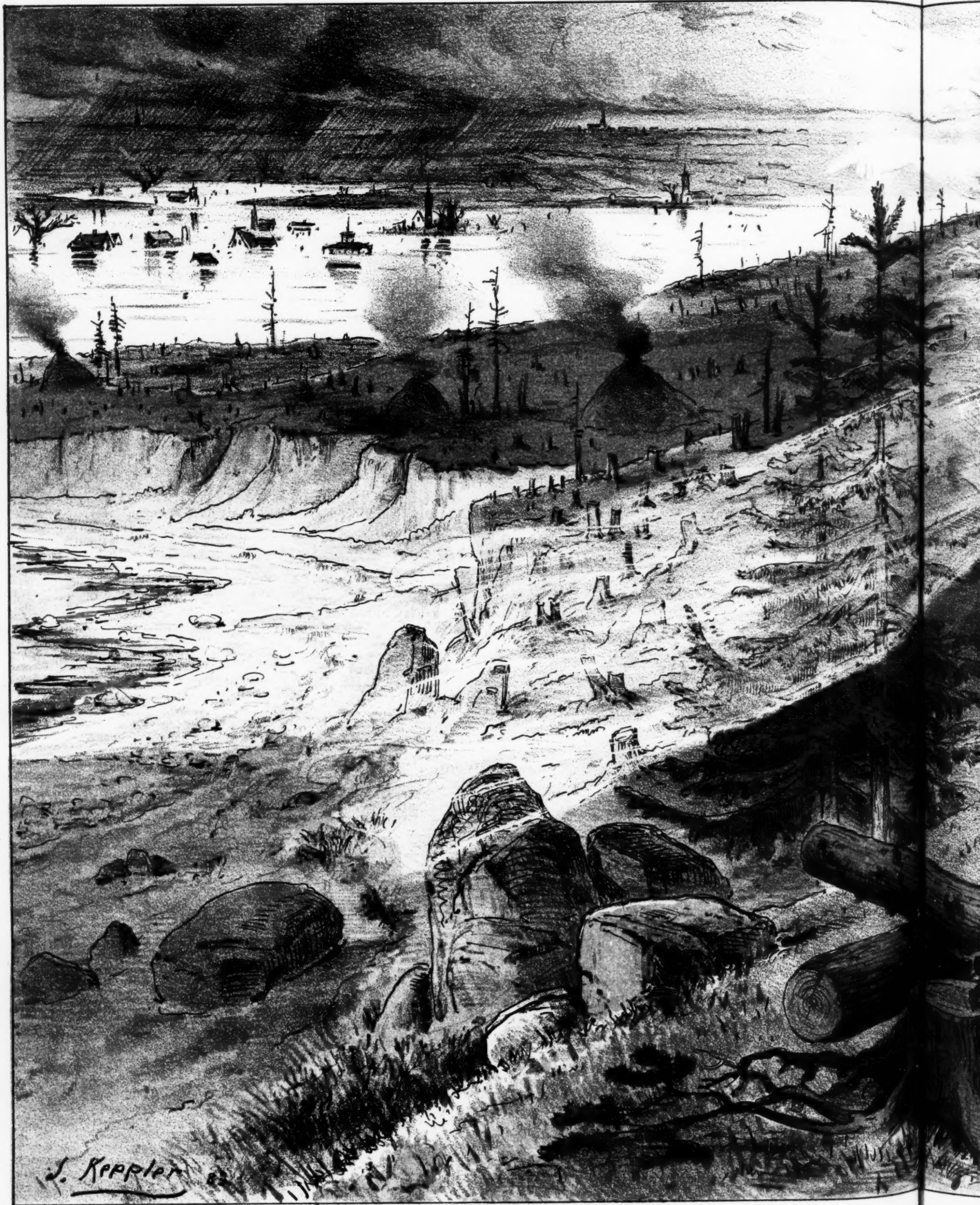
For youngsters whose manhood is likely to be passed in the West, there is no sort of amusement that will be found more attractive than that of train-robbing. It is perfectly beautiful in its simplicity. Any clothes will do to dress up for the character of a young Jesse James, and sofas and tables turned upside down will make a very good substitute for a railroad train.

But by far the best, the most instructive, the most fanciful of all kinds of recreations for boys is that known as the game of house-afire. It is the finest combination of realism and fun that can possibly be conceived of. The best way to start it is to strike matches to light cigarettes near the curtains in the parlor, and when there is a good blaze the engines will soon find their way to the scene, and the game—and some of the boys, too—will be finished.

THE SONG OF THE JEWS'-HARP—"So Sheep As Never Vas Pefore."

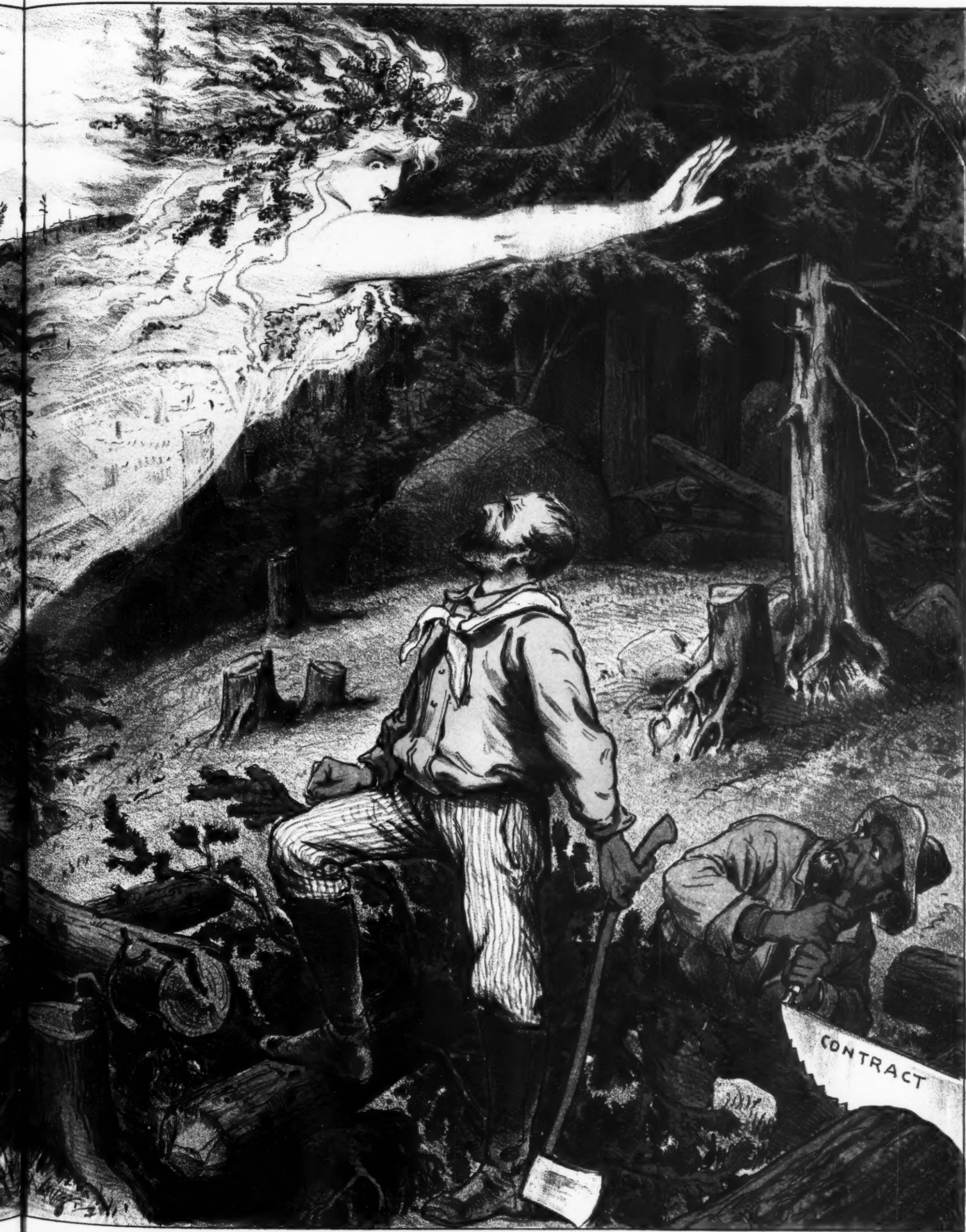
THIS is the kind of weather that brings out the tall man with a stoop, long hair, a plug hat and a shawl.

EIGHT HUNDRED DOLLARS in greenbacks were found, the other day, tucked away in a sleigh. It is supposed that the money was put there for the purpose of feeding the hostlers on the road who put themselves to the trouble of admiring your horse.



PRESERVE YOUR FORESTS FROM DESTRUCTION, AND PROTECT

UCK.



ND PROTECT YOUR COUNTRY FROM FLOODS AND DROUGHT.

Answers for the Anxious.

H.—No.

R.—Yes.

W. D. K.—We Don't Know

R. P. D.—Vintage of 1831—B. C.

J. JAMES.—It might be worse; but then it also might be a good deal better. Your genius strikes us as being more or less in the green-apple stage just at present.

C. GARSINE.—We don't run a puzzle department, to begin with, and you didn't send the key to your phantasmagoria, anyway. Please mail us the name of your asylum, and MS. will be returned.

JAMES MULREADY.—That's only another side of the same subject. Granted that the piano *was* cracked, what are you going to do about the oscillation of the dicky when the Deacon got over the fence and saw both the Wellingtons?

PITTSBURGH.—It is a sweet, sad, tender little thing, that poem of yours; but it is too delicate for this rough world, and we have put it in that department of our commodious waste-basket specially devoted to the work of Western poetesses, where it will keep warm and comfortable between a love poem and a fiery poetical denunciation of the existing state of society—unless it catches some of the fire of genius and burns up.

L. F. DUFF.—So your friends advised you to send to PUCK those little humorous sketches that you threw off in your intervals of leisure, did they? Your friends, eh? Now, dear boy, you just go around and try to borrow a dollar apiece of every one of those friends, and see how long the friendship holds out. Duff, dear boy, we'll give you a bit of advice, and it will be worth money to you. When next you think of sending a contribution to a paper, don't take your friends' advice—take your enemies'.

THE BALL SEASON.

Terpsichore—which, by-the-way, does not rhyme to door or roar—is having a fine time of it. She was very largely on the war-path, on the evening of Thursday last, on behalf of the Nursery and Child's Hospital, and victory perched upon her banjo and banner. Mrs. General Lloyd Aspinwall is president, and Mrs. John W. Ellis vice-president.

The Charity Ball has always been a pet of New Yorkers. Their tender solicitude for its welfare was never better exemplified than at the Metropolitan Opera House—for the first time turned into a ball-room—where hundreds danced and many more looked on. The attendance comprised more than half of the aristocracy of New York, with a large delegation of those who aspire to the distinction. There was also a large sprinkling of fair women, dark men and duds. Some of these wore badges of sky-blue ribbon to distinguish them from ordinary folk.

The Metropolitan Opera House is vast, and without the aid of the Lick telescope it is impossible to see who are in the boxes, which are as exclusive as a Knickerbocker brown-stone-front house.

The old Academy will still have the call for balls for some time to come, but novelty is always attractive; that is why the Old Guard Ball, to-morrow night, with its kaleidoscopic military dazzle, will crowd the Metropolitan to the chandelier.

LITERARY NOTES.

"Ishmael; or, In the Depths," is by Mrs. Alphabetical Southworth, a story, as a matter of course, originally published in the *New York Ledger*. T. B. Peterson & Brothers are the publishers. It is a good book of its kind, and when it appeared in the *Ledger* was known as "Self-Made." While it does not exactly tell you how a young man beginning life with fifty cents can be certain of becoming a millionaire, it comes as near to it as it can. There is nothing in its pages to bring a blush to the cheek of the hardest citizen.

Drake's Travelers' Magazine for January is a more than usually readable number. It sports a new cover, and has special contributions from J. H. Williams, Bill Nye, George T. Lanigan, Opie P. Read and other well-known and popular writers. Besides this, there is a whole prairie of railroad information, including time-tables, maps, and how to have yourself appointed receiver, together with the proper method of getting free passes out of presidents.

The Keynote is a new musical paper edited by Mr. Frederic Archer, who is exceedingly well equipped as a musician. The publication is a weekly review devoted to music and the drama. It also undertakes to review new music, and gives a portrait or so here and there. The number that we have been engaged in absorbing has a portrait of Stagno, with a soul-stirring biography. There is a well-drawn frontispiece, and the cover is of a light salmon color. An article on "The Stage in Italy," by L. D. Ventura, gives one a good idea as to how men are saved beneath the sunny skies of that country from becoming peanut-venders or organ-grinders. Altogether, *The Keynote* will do much toward making an intelligent musical home happy.

"Mother Goose" has met a formidable rival in the shape of "Mother Hen," a collection comprising a hundred new jingles for children, and a full supply of riddles. Emerson E. Sterns is the author, and the American News Company are the publishers. Among "The Jingles and Riddles of Mother Hen" we find the following:

"Grandmother Goose has gone to bed,
And we must do without her;
Mother Hen has come instead,
With all her chicks about her."

"Old Mother Puss had five black kits,
She striped their backs with chalk;
She gave them hats and handkerchiefs,
And sent them out to walk."

THE MILITARY BALL.



Preparing for the Attack.



Surveying the Field.



State of Siege.



Taken Prisoner.



To Arms! Close of One Engagement and Beginning of Another. General Capitulation.

WHAT TO DO IN AN EMERGENCY.

Many persons are simply at their wits' end in case of a sudden emergency, and know no more what to do than so many children. For the benefit of such as are in this deplorable state of ignorance I have written out a few simple directions for the most frequent kinds of accidents, which cannot fail to be easily understood, and which, I trust, will prove of very great value if followed out at once and according to letter.

1.—*For a Cut.* Carefully wipe the knife-blade, especially if the knife is new and bright, as otherwise it will be likely to rust. Close the knife and put it in your pocket—especially if it belongs to somebody else. Then go tearing around the house yelling for a rag. The louder you yell the more rag you will get. Everybody will be so frightened that they will offer you their handkerchiefs. Do not stop to discriminate—take them all. They will never be wanted back. Tie your hand up till it looks like an Egyptian mummy. Do not forget to howl all the while. After you have thoroughly upset the whole house and driven everybody almost crazy, take the handkerchief off, and stick a piece of court-plaster over the spot where you thought you cut yourself. Then nobody will know that it is only a scratch, and by-and-by you will begin to feel better yourself.

2.—*For Fainting.* If the patient is a female—as is most likely to be the case—catch her in your arms as she falls, and if reasonably good-looking, hold her there for several moments. Perhaps she will recover without further treatment. If rather plain, and not so young as she used to be, you may convey her at once to the sofa. Place her upon her back, with her head lower than her feet, if possible; if not, turn her feet sideways and put weights on them. Be sure and give the patient plenty of air. If a pair of bellows are handy, use them vigorously—no matter if it blows her bangs off. If no bellows are to be had, talk yourself. Dash cold water in the patient's face—if it is a house where you can get water. In some you can't. Do not administer any stimulants. The patient is not in a condition to appreciate them. Give camphor or hartshorn to smell. If you do not know where to find them, ask the patient. Keep up a cheerful conversation—being careful, however, to avoid the subject of the weather, which is always depressing. When the patient has recovered sufficiently to call you a "hateful brute" and a "mean, immodest wretch," her restoration to health may be considered imminent. If, in addition, she feels to see if her bangs and back hair are all right, it is high time for you to retire and call the family. The rest of your duty is plain enough. Go home without delay and keep your mouth shut.

3.—*In Case of Poison.* We will suppose, for convenience's sake, that it is yourself who are poisoned—although we would not advise you to go and poison yourself for that reason—not even for the sake of science or your friends. At any rate, hypothetically speaking, you are poisoned. The question is, how to save your funeral expenses. The first thing to do is to take an emetic. Now, although this may seem the simplest thing in the world in theory, it is nevertheless decidedly difficult in practice, for it is said to be the hardest thing in the world to keep an emetic on the stomach. Still, it is a last resort, and must be tried. Suppose you indulge yourself in mustard and tepid water, which is said to be very effectual in exciting the emotions of the diaphragm, and also possesses the desirable merit of being cheap. Ipecac and water is also good—or, in fact, anything which you do not particularly crave. But whatever you take, take it in a hurry, and be sure that you take enough of it. After all, it isn't so much the emetic you want as it is the results. These, it is presumed, will follow in good time,

THE POLITICAL BUGABOO.



"WELL, THIS WILL SERVE TO KEEP THE OTHER FELLOWS OUT OF THE FIELD UNTIL I CAN REAP THE CROP."

and without need of further directions. When the stomach has been turned inside out about six times, drink a little chalk and water, or, if you can't get chalk and water, use milkman's milk—anything weak and quieting. If the doctor should come in about this time, as he will be likely to, and inquire after your welfare, tell him that you are in bounding health and vigor, thank you, and pay him his fee. In a few minutes you will be yourself again, and in a physical condition not to give your nerves started by the ringing of the dinner-bell.

4.—*Burns.* If the clothing takes fire, the victim will, of course, at once start and run at the top of his or her speed, in order to provide a suitable draught. Start at once in pursuit, yelling "fire!" at every stride. This will bring out the fire department, and attract a large crowd of spectators. Should you succeed in overtaking the burning person, throw him at once to the ground and roll him rapidly over and over for about half-a-block, on the same principle that a cook turns over and bastes a fowl—to cook him more equally on every side. This having been done, take off your overcoat—you should always wear an overcoat on such occasions—and wrap the victim tightly in it. He will naturally be cold, and in need of some such protection. Keep the flames from the face and head as much as possible; induce them to burn further down. As soon as the fire department comes up, have them direct three or four streams into the nearest dry-goods store. They will not be satisfied without inundating something. While the crowd are busying themselves carrying out the more valuable portions of the proprietor's stock, call a cab, and get the burned person away to the nearest hospital. Here your responsibility ceases, and if the doctors kill him it won't be your fault.

5.—*Drowning.* The body should be recovered as quickly as possible. If the drowning

should occur at noon, it will hardly be safe to leave the subject in the water until after dinner. Save him at once. Then, having laid the victim out upon the sand, proceed to strip him of every vestige of clothing. Never mind if he kicks like a mule. Take a coarse crash towel—you can get them at almost any grocery-store with every bar of "Peck's Sandstone Soap"—and give him a genuine Irishman's bath. Scour him until the pores of the skin are thoroughly open. Nothing conduces to good health like an active skin. Now turn the person over upon his face, with the neck and shoulders a little raised, and press firmly on the back. This will cause the victim to spit out any water which may have been taken into the mouth, and exchange it for sand. Friction, meanwhile, should be applied to the extremities. Secure the services of any passer-by, and have him rub the bottoms of the feet with a piece of sand-paper. Alternate the pressure on the back with equally firm pressure on the side, under the arm. If the person refuses to breathe under these circumstances, he is certainly dead; but it will be a very defunct person who will refuse. The patient may be allowed to dress himself in about twenty minutes; and if the prescribed treatment has been faithfully carried out, he will be very cautious about drowning himself a second time.

PAUL PASTNOR.

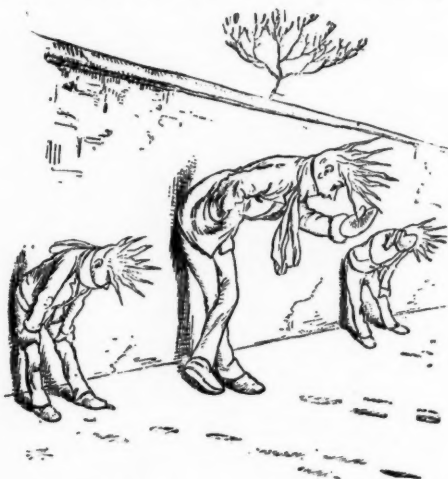
It is all well enough to say that a dog's bark is worse than his bite; but give us the bark, every time.

WHEN AN obituary notice written by the average country editor starts off: "Another flower transplanted," it doesn't give the reader a fair show; he is at a loss to know whether it is a eulogium on the deceased or the advertisement of a seedsman and florist.

THE ECONOMICAL CRANK.



He Plunges the Family Hair into Water—



Goes Out into the Cold and Lets it Freeze—



Breaks it Off—

THE VALUE OF PRINCIPLE.

"Can you tell me when the train comes along here?" asked a travel-stained man of an old fellow who sat on a pile of cross-ties on an Arkansas railroad.

"Yas, I reckon I ken."

"But will you?" asked the traveler, after a moment's silence.

"Yas, I reckon I will."

"Well, what time?"

"What time what, Mister?"

"What time does the train come along here?"

"I dunno."

"You said you did."

"Didn't."

"I say you did."

"Say I didn't."

"What did you say?"

"Said I'd tell you when it comes along, an' ef both of us is here when she comes I will, but I reckon yer ken see her as well as I ken."

"You think you are very smart, don't you?"

"Not now. I was right pert till the rheumatiz sot in."

"Where do you live?"

"I'm livin' here now."

"Is this your home?"

"Noa."

"Then you don't live here?"

"Wall, I don't die here, do I? Long's I'm here I'm livin' here."

"When the train comes, do you suppose I can get on?"

"Yes, if it stops."

"But that's what I want to know. Will it stop?"

"I kain't tell yer right now, although I'm allers pleased ter give a stranger any information in my power."

"When can you tell me?" asked the stranger, evidently thinking that the old fellow was going in search of information.

"When she gits here."

"Now say, old man, I don't like to be made game of in this way. You may have nothing to do but sit around and spend your life in joking, but I'm thoroughly in earnest. I have come a long distance to reach this road, and I want to leave this devilish country. You would confer a great favor on me by answering my questions in a straightforward manner. If the train is not likely to stop at this wood-yard, why, then, I must walk on until I come to the station. Now give me your honest opinion. Do you think that the next train will stop here?"

"Now, stranger," replied the old fellow, leaning over and tying his shoe: "yer can talk mighty pitiful, I must allow, an' ef yer was a



And thus Saves the Expense of Hair-Cutting.

—Fliegende Blätter.

preacher it would take all the plank at the saw-mill to make a mourners' bench big enough fur yer church. I'd be a mighty bad man ter hold back any news I've got about this matter, an' bein' as I like yer looks, I'll tell yer all I know about these trains."

"I thank you most heartily, sir."

"I expect I know as much about these trains as any man what lives in this here community."

"I have no doubt of it."

"An' all that I know about 'em stoppin' here I'll tell yer."

"Well?"

"Why, sometimes they stop and sometimes they don't. That's all I know."

"I'm half inclined to jump on you and maul you."

"Better walk to the station, stranger, than ter try that. The last man who tried it ain't been able ter 'tend the United States cou't sence."

"Well, how far is it to the next station?"

"Which way? Thiser way or thater way?" (Pointing.)

"Either way."

"Well, they's 'bout the same distance."

"How far?"

"Blame 'fi know."

"I'll be confounded if I stand this. Come over here and I'll kick you."

"Well, ef yer want ter whup me wus'n I want ter be whupped, yer'd better come over here."

"I can do it, and don't you forget it."

"Wall, if yer do, I ain't apt to forgit it."

"I'll try it, anyway," and, taking off his coat, a bottle fell out.

"Hole on. What yer got in the bottle?"

"Whiskey."

"Then there's no use in fightin'," and throwin' out a quid of tobacco, he limped across the track, took a drink, and said:

"Train ain't likely to stop here."

Took another drink.

"Closest station down this way."

Another drink.

"Three miles."

Another.

"Make it better. Two an' a half."

Still another.

"Go down thar, an' them niggers will take yer on a han'-car. Good day, Cap'n. Wush yer well. Ef yer'd 'nounced yer principles in the fust place thar wouldn'ter been all this argyin'."—Arkansaw Traveler.

THERE'S a good deal of enterprise in this country. The managers of an Iowa cattle-fair, finding that a murderer was to be hanged the week their fair was in session, tried to arrange to have the hanging take place on their grounds, as one of the attractions.—*Boston Post*.

"WHILE we live we live in clover, when we die we die all over," is the motto of the Clover Club in Philadelphia. Misguided beings. No one ever really lived in Philadelphia.—*Boston Post*.

—The purest fragrant, natural tobacco for the pipe or cigarette is Blackwell's Durham Long Cut. With no collodine in it, and only traces of the nitrates and nicotine, it is chemically the purest tobacco in the world, to say nothing of its delicious flavor and fragrance.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.
Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

DELICATE in flavor, pure in material, the "Sweet Bouquet" Cigarettes are rapidly superseding other brands.

We declare frankly and boldly, that the Swayne's Ointment will cure the worst case of Itching Piles.

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PHILADELPHIA BY FRED. BROWN,

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Be sure you get the **GENUINE BROWN'S GINGER**
Ask for **FREDERICK BROWN'S**
Ginger—the Old-fashioned—TAKE
NO OTHER!

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STERLING SILVERWARE,
PLATEDWARE and
OPTICAL GOODS
FOR HOLIDAY PRESENTS.**
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BRANCH STORES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES.
FALL STYLES.

THE SONG OF THE WASTE-BASKET.

Every day I am there,
Near the big office-chair,
With nothing but litter to cheer me;
The editor wise,
With glass-covered eyes,
Sits with his hoofs resting near me.

He feeds me all day
In a liberal way,
But the food is not over-delicious;
Envelopes torn,
And postals forlorn,
Are frequent and commonplace dishes.

Into frenzy I'm worked
Every morn, as I'm jerked
By the office-boy rude from my slumbers;
He knocks me around
Till my tender ribs sound
As though they were cracking in numbers.

With a toss and a dash
He dumps out my trash
Into the great box in the hallway;
Then back I am flung
By this villain unhung,
To be fed by the editor alway.

The manuscripts rank
Of the humorous crank,
His incomprehensible scratches,
Drop into my mouth,
'Longside of uncouth
Cigar-butts and half-burnt-up matches.

I am happy in spring,
When the poets all sing
Of the season that comes before summer;
I receive all the truck
Of the poetry-struck;
With delight do I hail each new-comer.

—C. L. Ericsson, in Chicago Tribune.

"You know, ma, that in Philadelphia people always ask who one's grandfather was, and as I am going there soon you must tell me. Was my grandfather a judge, or a governor, or a president, or anything?"

"Well, no, my dear. He became very rich, though, and you may say he had something to do with banks."

"But what was his profession or trade?"

"Oh, never mind about that."

"But those Philadelphia people will ask me, you know."

"Well, the only trade he ever learned was shoemaking."

"Shoemaking! Oh, well, he got rich, so that is all right."

"Yes; he made shoes a great many years. He learned the trade and worked at it in a penitentiary, but you need not mention that."

—Philadelphia Call.

"What's become of Pettyfog, that uster live here?" asked a visitor of Gilpin at the store, Saturday night.

"Oh! he's located in a Western town, practicing law."

"How does he git along? Is he successful?"

"Not very. He has never won a suit yet."

"What! Not a suit!"

"No. That is, not a whole one. He won a hat on Ohio, last Fall, and a pair of boots on New York. But that's as near a suit as he ever got."—Marathon Independent.

No well regulated household should be without a bottle of **Angostura Bitters**, the world renowned appetizer and invigorator. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

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TO HATTIE.

Like some strange bird of mammoth size,
Big Hat! thy hideous shape display;
Spread out before distracted eyes,
And shake thy feathery plumes so gay!

At thee the suff'ring sinner swears,
And loud upbraids the saucy flirt
Who keeps him stretching till he tears
The collar-button from his shirt!

Though ribbons deck the pretty rose,
With laces rare their hues entwined,
Yet man will burst his strongest clothes
While catching glimpses from behind!

O woman fair, why will you place
So huge a thing upon your brow?
A hay-stack built around your face,
'Tis only fit to feed a cow!

—Washington Capital.

OSCAR WILDE, in his lectures in England on America; is causing himself to be disliked. He declares that euchre is the national game of cards in America. Where he could have seen euchre played in this country, except in the asylums for feeble-minded, is a mystery. Poker is the national game in this country, with bunco as a side issue for foreigners, as Mr. Wilde discovered to his cost. Euchre! Might as well say croquet is a national game here.—Peck's Sun.

"CORPORAL punishment, is it!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Shaughnessy: "Niver a one o' thim tachers 'll give that boy o' mine any sich punishment as the likes o' that. Oi'll have thim undherstand that his parents are people o' quality, and unless they give him lefenant or koornel punishment, divil the hand they'll lay on him!" —Oil City Blizzard.

NEVER speak of your failings, my son. Everybody who knows you knows them. Never speak of your good qualities. Nobody but yourself believes you possess them. In short, never speak of yourself at all. Of course you will appear eccentric, but you will be readily forgiven by everybody.—Boston Transcript.

PROMINENT legal minds of Michigan express the fear that if capital punishment is restored juries will hesitate to convict murderers. If they hesitate any longer than they do now the judges would want board and lodging in the building.—Detroit Free Press.

THE New York Morning Journal asks: "When shall we drink?" Well, our rule is to drink whenever we are asked. And we find it works pretty well. The only fault that we suggest is that there's a deuced long interval between drinks.—Chicago Sun.

ELLA WHEELER, in a recent poem, says: "I love with a force that burns to hate." You won't do for us, Ella. We want to be loved with a love that will keep nice and quiet at home when we are too busy to attend to it.—Boston Post.

THERE is one extreme of goodness to which we have never known the most perfect saint to attain, and that is the refusal to pass off a punched and filled coin when the opportunity offers.—Burlington Free Press.

WHILE Keene was playing "Julius Caesar" in Macon, Ga., Monday night, the "supes" struck, and Cassius, after waiting a good while for the soldiers, went on and killed himself.—New Orleans Picayune.

Men of all ages, who suffer from Low Spirits, Nervous Debility and premature Decay, may have life, health and vigor renewed by the use of the Marston Bolus treatment WITHOUT STOMACH MEDICATION. Consultation free. Send for descriptive treatise. MARSTON REMEDY CO., 46 W. 14th Street, New York.

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"WHO'S DAT KNOCKIN'?"

"The game was in a little old log cabin, and there were three niggers playing poker. One of 'em was an old nigger preacher, and the other two was a-kukluxin' him and winning all his money as fast as they could. I watched the game a while, and was standing where I could see the old nigger preacher's hand. After four or five deals the old preacher got four aces dealt him before the draw.

"He turned his head clear around, and says he: 'Who's dat knockin' on dat do'?"

"There wasn't anybody knocking at the door, but you see the old preacher wanted to give the other two a chance to fix up a hand. They wasn't playin' straight flushes, so he turns clear around with his back to the table, and says he: 'Who's dat knockin' at dat do'? Is dat you, Mariah? All right. I'se comin' in a minit!"

"One of the other fellers had two kings, and they gunned through the pack and got out the other two kings before the old preacher looked around to the table again. One of 'em bet a dollar. Then the old preacher went down in his pocket an' got out all the money he had, forty-seven dollars, and put it up. 'You fellers,' says he: 'has been winnin' my money, and youse can just as well have it all. I'se a-raisin ye forty-six dollahs.'

"The feller that had the four kings borrowed all the money his partner had, and called the preacher's raise. The old preacher raked in the pot and got up, and says he: 'I knowed dat was you knockin' at dat do', Mariah. I'se a-comin'.' Then he went out."—*Washington Republican*.

"SEE here, boy, did I not pay you twenty-five cents to shovel the snow off my pavement?"

"Yes'm."

"Well, what did you mean by taking the money and then going off without doing it?"

"The snow is all off, isn't it?"

"Yes; but it melted off."

"That's all right. I knew it would melt after a while if left alone. I'm a street contractor, I am."—*Philadelphia Call*.

It is a fact—and we record it in all seriousness—that there is at least one man of business not a hundred miles from Chicago—a Sunday-school superintendent at that, and claiming to be a man of intelligence—who was not aware until last Saturday night that Congress had reduced letter-postage to two cents. When he was informed of the fact he gravely remarked: "Well, fact is I never read the newspapers—they are so abominably wicked."

It is a question whether abominable wickedness is worse than abominable ignorance.—*Chicago Evening Journal*.

In one of the top-gallant flats,

At a rickety sewing-machine,
A worn woman sat, embroidering cats,
In red and yellow and green.

Working for daily bread,

Through pleasant weather and rough,
Till the tender grace of the days that are dead
Seemed old and bald-headed and tough.

Work! stitch! snip,

With thread and needle and shears,
With aching head and a quivering lip,
And eyes that are cloudy with tears.

Work! snip! stitch,

From the dawn till the sunlight fails,
Trying her level best to get rich
On blue cats with cardinal tails.

—*Drake's Travelers' Magazine*.

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You may rely upon this being the invariable rule, as any honorable druggist will tell you if you ask him.

A Beautiful Brush We will send it on trial, post-paid, on receipt of 50 cents, which will be

Seven Brushes will be mailed for the price of six, or request your nearest druggist or fancy store to obtain one for you, and be sure Dr. Scott's name is on the Brush. **MONEY RETURNED if Not as Represented.** As soon as you receive the Brush, if not well satisfied with your bargain, write us, and we will return the money. What can be fairer? Remittances should be made payable to GEO. A. SCOTT, 842 Broadway, New York. They can be made in Checks, Drafts, Post-office Orders, Currency, or Stamps. **Agents Wanted in every town.**

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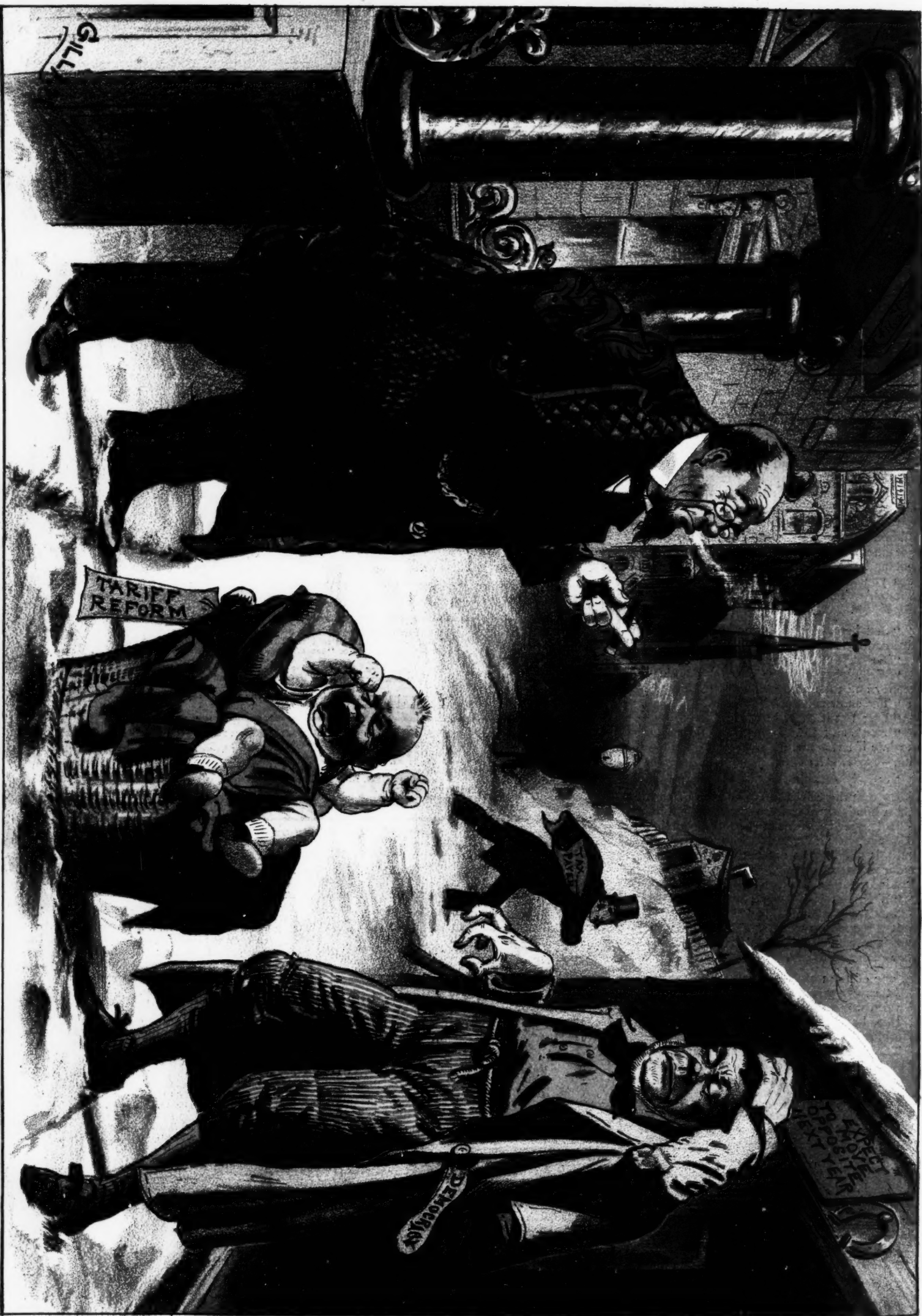
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